

Hymnal

Jubilee Convention of Young
Men's Christian Associations
of North America, Boston,
June 11-16, 1901 • • • •

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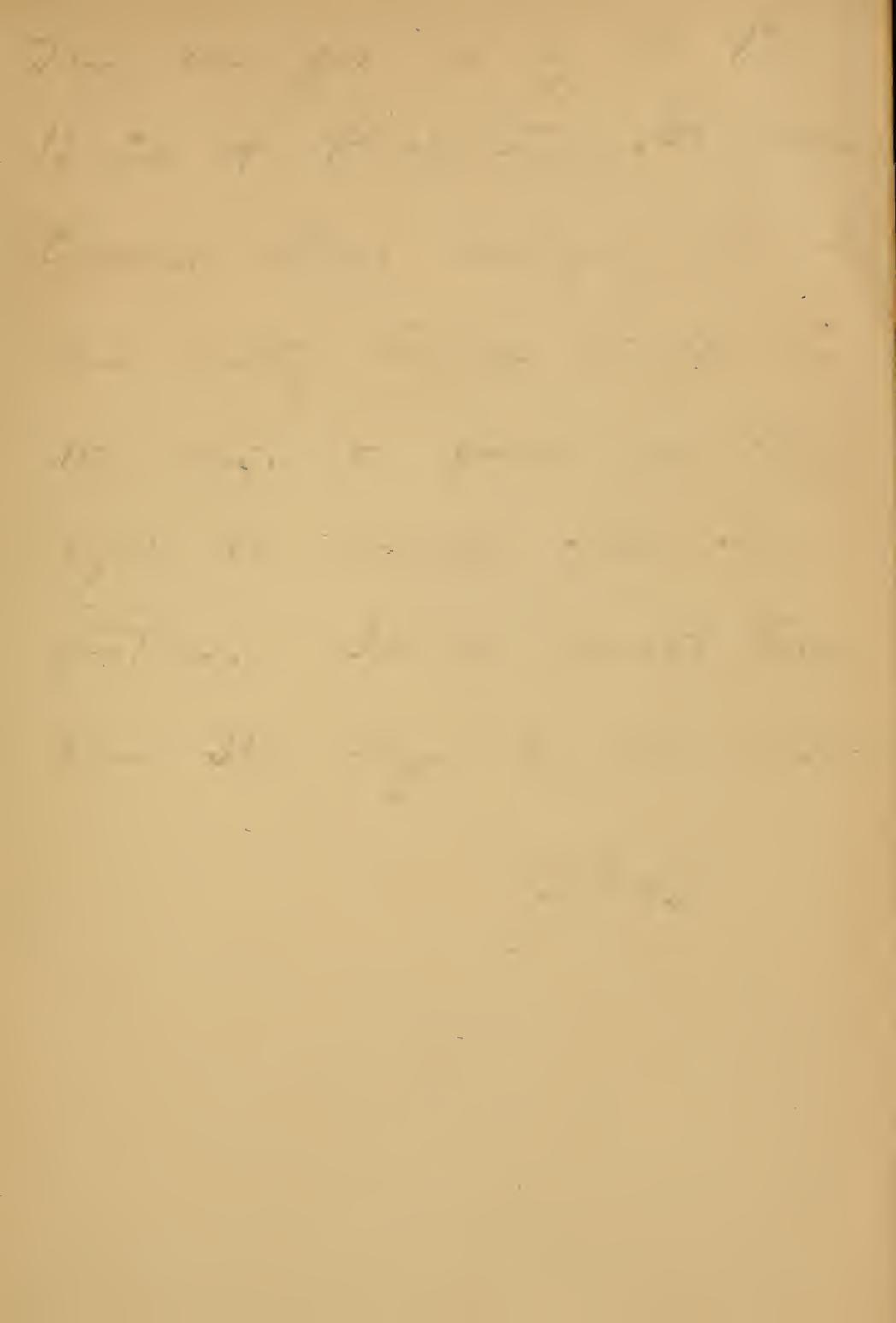
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Hymnal



Jubilee Convention of Young Men's Christian
Associations of North America
Boston, June 11-16, 1901

1851-1901

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New York

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and Sabbath-School Work

Hymnal

1 ST. PETER C. M.

Alexander R. Reinagle.



1 How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!



It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear. *A-men.*



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis Manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary Rest..

3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace ;

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. John Newton.

2 THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

Genevan Psalter.

1 All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye before Him and rejoice. *Amen.*

2 The Lord ye know is God indeed ;
 Without our aid he did us make ;
 We are His folk, He doth us feed ;
 And for His sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;

Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

Rev. William Kethe.

3

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord !
 Eternal truth attends Thy Word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

DOXOLOGY

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bishop Thomas Ken.

4 NICAËA 11 12 12 10

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-ty! Ear-ly in the
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
merciful and Mighty! God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i-ty! A-men.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy ; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty !
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty !
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity !

Bishop Reginald Heber.

5 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. from George F. Handel.

I A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And
press with vig - or on; A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal,
And an im-mor-tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. *A-men.*

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Rev. Philip Doddridge.

6 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Edward Miller.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The middle staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words appearing above the notes and others below. The first section of lyrics is:

1 When I sur - vey the won - drous cross On which the
 Prince of glo - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride. *A - men.*

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so Divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

7 ALFORD 7 6 8 6 7 6 8 6

Rev. John B. Dykes.



i Ten thousand times ten thou-s-and In spark-ling rai-men-t bright,



The ar-mies of the ransomed saints Throng up the steep-s of light :



'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with death and sin :



Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in. A-men.



8 SAXBY L. M.

Rev. Timothy R. Matthews.

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee In lowly paths of service free ;
 Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. Amen.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
 By some clear winning word of love ;
 Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
 And guide them in the homeward
 way.

3 Teach me Thy patience; still with
 In closer, dearer company, [Thee
 In work that keeps faith sweet and
 strong,
 In trust that triumphs over wrong ;

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
 Far down the future's broadening way ;
 In peace that only Thou canst give,
 With Thee, O Master, let me live.

Rev. Washington Gladden.

2 What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made ;
 O joy, for all its former woes
 A thousand fold repaid !

3 O then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore ;
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.
 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain ;
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power, and reign :
 Appear, Desire of nations,
 Thine exiles long for home ;
 Show in the heaven Thy promised sign;
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

Dean Alford.

9 LOWTON 8 7 8 7

Albert Lowe.

1 Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me;" Amen.

2 As, of old, apostles heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home and toil and kindred,
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love Me more than these."

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

Cecil F. Alexander.

STOCKWELL 8 7 8 7 (Second Tune.)

Darius E. Jones.

1 Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me;" Amen.

10 TRINITY 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Felice di Giardini.

1 Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy Name to sing,
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days. A - men.

2 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend :
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success ;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour :
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

11 ST. AGNES C. M.

Rev. John Bacchus Dykes.

1 O for a thou-s-and tongues to sing My dear Re-deemer's praise,
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace. *A-men.*

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy Name.
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

12 ST. CYPRIAN 6 6 6 6

Rev. Richard R. Chope.

1 Lord, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid - eth ;
Who its truth be - liev - eth Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. *A - men.*

13 NEWLAND S. M.

Henry John Gauntlett.

1 We give Thee but Thine own, What - e'er the gift may be:
 All that we have is Thine a - lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. *Amen.*

- 2 May we Thy bounties thus
 As stewards true receive,
 And gladly, as Thou blessest us,
 To Thee our first-fruits give.
- 3 O hearts are bruised and dead,
 And homes are bare and cold,
 And lambs for whom the Shepherd
 bled
 Are straying from the fold.
- 4 To comfort and to bless,
 To find a balm for woe,

- To tend the lone and fatherless,
 Is angels' work below.
- 5 The captive to release,
 To God the lost to bring,
 To teach the way of life and
 peace,—
 It is a Christ-like thing.
- 6 And we believe Thy word,
 Though dim our faith may be,
 Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
 We do it unto Thee.

Bishop William W. How.

2 When our foes are near us,
 Then Thy word doth cheer us ;
 Word of consolation,
 Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,
 And dark clouds before us,
 Then its light directeth,
 And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
 Succor to the living ;
 Word of life, supplying
 Comfort to the dying !

5 O that we, discerning
 Its most holy learning,
 Lord, may love and fear Thee,
 Evermore be near Thee.

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker.

14 PARK STREET L. M.

Arr. from Frederick M. A. Venua.

1 Be - fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with
sa - cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre -
ate, and He de-stroy, He can cre-a-te, and He de-stroy. *A - men.*

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;

And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy Name ?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love ;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

15 EVENTIDE 10 10 10 10.

William Henry Monk.

1 A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me! A-men.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim ; its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
 What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power ?
 Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me !

4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
 Ills have no weight; and tears no bitterness ;
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me !

5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes !
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

Rev. Henry Francis Lye.

16 ALL SAINTS NEW C. M. D.

Henry S. Cutler.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;

His blood-red ban-ner streams a - far! Who fol-lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o - ver pain,

Who pa-tient bears his cross below, He fol-lows in His train. *A-men.*

- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in His train?
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
knew,
And mocked the cross and flame :

- They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane ;
They bowed their necks the death to
feel :
Who follows in their train ?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed :
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

17 ST. ANNE C. M.

William Croft.

O where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet,
A thousand years the same. *Amen.*

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God;

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-
And tempests are abroad; [ing her.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe.

18

1 Our God, our Help in ages past,
Our Hope for years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone:
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our Help in ages past;
Our Hope for years to come;
Be Thou our Guard while troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

19 ADESTE FIDELES 11 11 11 11

J. Reading.



1 How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to



you He hath said,— You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled?



You who un-to Je-sus for ref-uge have fled. Amen.



20 ST. CUTHBERT 8 6 8 4

Rev. J. B. Dykes.

1 Our blest Redeem- er, ere He breathed His ten - der last fare- well,
A Guide, a Com-fort - er, bequeathed With us to dwell. *A-men.*

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even, [fear,
That checks each tho't, that calms each
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see :
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Harriet Auber.

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed;
I, I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply ;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no never forsake."

"K" in Rippon's Selection.

21 AUSTRIAN HYMN 8 7 8 7 D.

Joseph Haydn.



1 Glo-rious things of thee are spo-ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;



He whose word can-not be bro-ken Formed thee for His own a - bode :



On the Rock of A - ges founded, What can shake thy sure re-pose?



With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes. *Amen.*



22 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

Henry K. Oliver.



1 Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell By faith and love in ev'-ry breast;



Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that cannot be expressed. *Amen.*



2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlargèd souls possess And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of Thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done By all the Church, through Christ His Son.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

2 See, the streams of living waters, Springing from eternal Love, Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove : Who can faint, when such a river Ever flows their thirst to assuage ; Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver, Never fails from age to age ?

3 Round each habitation hovering, See the cloud and fire appear For a glory and a covering, Showing that the Lord is near,

Thus deriving from their banner Light by night, and shade by day, Safe they feed upon the manna Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city I, through grace, a member am, Let the world deride or pity, I will glory in Thy Name : Fading is the worldling's pleasure, All his boasted pomp and show ; Solid joys and lasting treasure None but Zion's children know.

Rev. John Newton.

23 BOYLSTON S. M.

Lowell Mason.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
The fel-lowship of kindred minds Is like to that a - bove. A - men.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,

And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free ;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

Rev. John Fawcett.

24 SWABIA S. M.

Old German Chorale.

1 This is the day of light: Let there be light to - day;
O Dayspring, rise up-on our night, And chase its gloom a-way. A-men.

25 DENNIS S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.

I Still with Thee, O my God, I would de -
sire to be, By day, by night; at
home, a broad, I would be still with Thee. A - men.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;

The setting as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.

4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

Rev. James D. Burns.

2 This is the day of rest :
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

3 This is the day of peace :
Thy peace our spirits fill :
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer :
Let earth to heaven draw near :
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days :
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise.
O Vanquisher of death !

Rev. John Ellerton.

26 ALMSGIVING 8 8 8 4

Rev. John B. Dykes.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time (indicated by '3' over '4') and G major (indicated by a sharp sign). The top staff features a soprano vocal line, the middle staff a basso continuo line, and the bottom staff a harmonic bass line. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of the hymn begins with 'O Lord of heaven and earth and sea,' followed by 'To Thee all praise and glory be; How shall we show our love to Thee Who giv - est all? Amen.' The music concludes with a final section of three staves.

2 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And freely with that Blessed One
Thou givest all.

3 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,
Spirit of life and love and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

4 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly we will give to Thee
Who givest all;

5 To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live
Who givest all.
Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

27 SICILIAN MARINERS 8 7 8 7 4 7

Sicilian Melody.



I { Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing;
Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing,



Fill our hearts with joy and peace; } O re - fresh us,
Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace: }



O re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness. A-men.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound :
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found ;</p> | <p>3 So that when Thy love shall call
Saviour, from the world away, [us,
Let no fear of death appal us,
Glad Thy summons to obey :
May we ever
Reign with Thee in endless day.</p> |
|---|--|

28 ELLERS 10 10 10 10

Edward J. Hopkins.

1. Sav-iour, a - gain to Thy dear Name we raise With one ac-cord our
parting hymn of praise : We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease ;
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day :
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night ;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

Rev. John Ellerton.

29 MORECAMBE 10 10 10 10

1 Spir - it of God, de-scend up - on my heart; Wean it from earth; thro'
all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak-ness, mighty as Thou art,
And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A - men.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet-ecstasies ;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay ;
No angel-visitant, no opening skies ;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King ?
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind ;
I see Thy cross— there teach my heart to cling :
O let me seek Thee, and O let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh ;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh ;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

3 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame ;
The baptism of the heaven-descended Dove,
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

30 LEOMINSTER S. M. D.

George William Martin.

Slowly.

1 Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be free;
 Force me to ren-der up my sword, And I shall conqueror be.
 I sink in life's a - larms When by my - self I stand;
 Im - pris - on me with- in Thy arms, And strong shall be my hand. *Amen.*

2 My heart is weak and poor
 Until it master find :
 It has no spring of action sure—
 It varies with the wind :
 It cannot freely move
 Till Thou hast wrought its chain ;
 Enslave it with Thy matchless love,
 And deathless it shall reign.

3 My power is faint and low
 Till I have learned to serve,
 It wants the needed fire to glow,
 It wants the breeze to nerve ;

It cannot drive the world
 Until itself be driven
 Its flag can only be unfurled [heaven].
 When Thou shalt breathe from

4 My will is not my own
 Till Thou hast made it Thine ;
 If it would reach a monarch's throne
 It must its crown resign :
 It only stands unbent
 Amid the clashing strife,
 When on Thy bosom it has leant,
 And found in Thee its life.

George Matheson.

31 EVENING PRAYER 8 7 8 7

George C. Stebbins.

1 Sav - iour, breathe an even - ing bless-ing, Ere re - pose our
spir - its seal; Sin and want we come con - fess - ing:
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. A - men.

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2 Though the night be dark and dreary
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watches where Thy people be.

3 Though destruction walk around us.
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

James Edmeston.

32 MARTYRDOM C. M. (Psalm 103.)

Hugh Wilson.

O thou my soul bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is, Be lift-ed up His
Ho-ly Name To mag-ni-fy and bless. *A-men.*

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be

Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive :

Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death mayst not go down,

Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth ;
And even as the eagle's age,
He hath renewed thy youth.

6 For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far ;
So great to those that do Him fear
His tender mercies are :

7 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath He
From us removed, in tender love,
All our iniquity.

33 BELMONT C. M. (Psalm 23.)

Arr. from William Gardiner.

1 The Lord's my Shep - herd, I'll not want; He makes me
down to lie . . . In pas - tures green, He
lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by. A - men.

2 My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk in death's
dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil
anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Scottish Psalter.

34 LUX BENIGNA 10 4 10 4 10 10

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Thy word, O Lord, Thy precious word alone, Can lead me on;
By this, un - til the darksome night be gone, Lead Thou me on.
Thy word is light, Thy word is life and power;
By it, oh, guide me in each try - ing hour. A - men.

2 Whate'er my path, led by the word,
Oh, lead me on. [tis good;
Be my poor heart Thy blessed word's
Lead Thou me on. [abode;
Thy Holy Spirit gives the light to see,
And leads me by Thy word, close follow-
ing Thee.

3 Led by aught else, I tread a devious
Oh, lead me on. [way :
Speak, Lord, and help me ever to obey;
Lead Thou me on.
My every step shall then be well
defined,
And all I do according to Thy mind.

35 PENTECOST L. M.

William Boyd.

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might; Christ is thy
Strength, and Christ thy Right: Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the Path, and Christ the Prize.

3 Cast care aside ;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and His mercy will provide ;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its Life, and Christ its Love.

4 Faint not, nor fear,
His arms are near ;
He changeth not, and thou art dear.
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

36 NUN DANKET 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6

Crüger's Praxis Pietatis Melica.

1 Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voi - ces,

Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es;

Who, from our mothers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way

With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

37 CANONBURY L. M.

Robert Schumann.

1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy erring children lost and lone. *Amen.*

2 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet ;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart ;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord.
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

F. R. Havergal.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us ;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore ;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

38 EIN' FESTE BURG 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 7

Martin Luther.

I { A mighty-y For-tress is our God, A Bulwark nev-er fail - ing;
Our Helper He a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing : }

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and

power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal. *Amen.*

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing :
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He ;
Lord Sabaoth His Name,
From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with devils
filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us :

The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him ;
His rage we can endure,
For lo ! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth ;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth ;
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also :
The body they may kill :
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is for ever.

Martin Luther.

39 CULFORD 7 7 7 7 D.

Edward J. Hopkins.



1 Take my life, and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.



Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them flow in cease-less praise.



Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.



Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beauti- ful for Thee. A - men.



2 Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine.
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love ; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

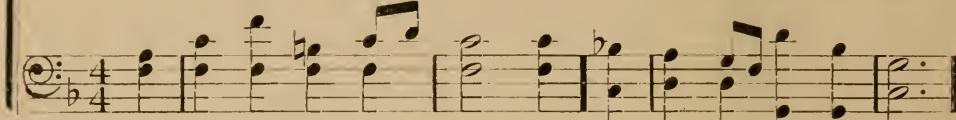
Frances R. Havergal.

40 DAY OF REST 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

James William Elliott.



I O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end;



Be Thou for - ev - er near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend!



I shall not fear the bat - tle, If Thou art by my side,

*Voice in Unison.**In Harmony.*Nor wander from the path-way, If Thou wilt be my Guide. *A-men.*

41 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

Charles Zeuner.

1 Ye Chris-tian her - alds, go pro-claim Sal - va-tion through Em-

man - uel's Name; To dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear,

And plant the Rose of Shar - on there. A - men.

2 God shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempests into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall;
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.
Rev. Bourne H. Draper.

2 O ! let me feel Thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;

And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
O, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend !

4 O let me see Thy Foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.
Rev. John E. Bode.

42 ST. GERTRUDE. 6 5 6 5 12 1.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus
 Go-ing on be-fore : Christ the Roy-al Mas-ter Leads against the foe :
 Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be - fore. A-men.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God :
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never

'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song ;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King ;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.
 Onward, etc.

Rev. S. Baring-Gould.

43 REGENT SQUARE 8 7 8 7 4 7

Henry Smart.

1 On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands.
Mourning captive! mourning captive! God Himself will loose thy bands. *Amen.*

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning!
Zion still is well beloved!

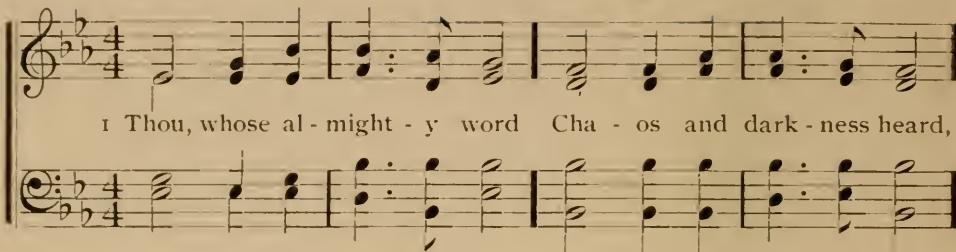
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee ;
He Himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end ;
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send !

4 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor bless'd ;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest !

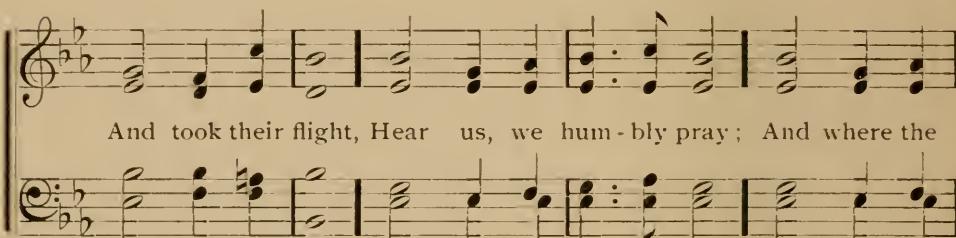
Rev. Thomas Kelly.

44 OLIVET 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Lowell Mason.



1 Thou, whose al-might-y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,



And took their flight, Hear us, we hum-bly pray; And where the



gospel's day Sheds not its glorious ray, Let there be light. *A-men.*

2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On Thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth Thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

4 Holy and blessed Three
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

Rev. John Marriott.

45 FALFIELD 8 7 8 7 D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan.

1 Saviour, sprin-kle ma-ny na-tions; Fruit - ful let Thy sorrows be;
 By Thy pains and con-so-la-tions Draw the Gen-tiles un-to Thee:
 Of Thy cross the wondrous sto-ry, Be it to the na-tions told;
 Let them see Thee in Thy glo-ry And Thy mer-cy man-i-fold. Amen.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,
 Human hearts in Thee would rest,
 Thirsting, as for dews of even,
 As the new-mown grass for rain;
 Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,
 Thee as man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo, the isles are waiting,
 Stretch'd the hand, and strained the
 For Thy Spirit, new creating [sight,
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
 Give the word, and of the preacher
 Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
 Till on earth by every creature
 Glory to the Lamb be sung.
 Bishop A. C. Coxe,

46 FIAT LUX 6 6 4 6 6 6 4

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring

With lov-ing zeal; The poor and them that mourn, The faint and

overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. *A-men.*

2 Christ for the world we sing ;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer ;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passions tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing ;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord ;
With us the work to share,

With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing ;
The world to Christ we bring
With joyful song ;
The new-born souls whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

Rev. Samuel Wolcott.

47 SARUM HYMNAL, Tune 244. 878747 Edward John Hopkins.

1 Speed Thy servants, Saviour, speed them! Thou art Lord of winds and waves:

They were bound, but Thou hast freed them; Now they go to free the slaves :

Be Thou with them ! 'Tis Thine Arm a - lone that saves. *A-men.*

2 Friends and home and all forsaking,
Lord ! they go at Thy command;
As their stay Thy promise taking,
While they traverse sea and land :
O be with them !

Lead them safely by the hand.

3 When they reach the land of strangers,
And the prospect dark appears,
Nothing seen but toils and dangers,
Nothing felt but doubts and fears ;
Be Thou with them !

Hear their sighs, and count their tears.

4 Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
And they seem to toil in vain,
Then in mercy, Lord, draw near them,

Then their sinking hopes sustain ;
Thus supported,
Let their zeal revive again !

5 In the midst of opposition
Let them trust, O Lord, in Thee :
When success attends their mission,
Let Thy servants humbler be :
Never leave them,

Till Thy Face in Heaven they see ;

6 There to reap, in joy forever,
Fruit that grows from seed here sown ;
There to be with Him, Who never
Ceases to preserve His own,
And with triumph
Sing a Saviour's grace alone !

Rev. Thomas Kelly.

48 MISSIONARY HYMN 7 6 7 6 D.

Lowell Mason.



1 From Greenland's i - cy mount-ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold-en sand—



From many an an-cient riv - er, From many a palm-y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er-ror's chain. A-men.



49 WALTHAM L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of one flat. The top staff uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal parts of the music. The first section of lyrics starts with "1 Fling out the ban-ner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;". The second section starts with "The sun that lights its shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died. Amen.".

2 Fling out the banner ! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner ! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner ! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the cross ;
Our only hope, the Crucified !

5 Fling out the banner ! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward, let it shine :
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours ;
We conquer only in that sign.

Bishop George W. Doane.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown ;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny ?

Salvation ! O salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

50 FORWARD 6 5 6 5 12 I.

Henry Smart.



1 Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,



Not a look be - hind : Burns the fi- ery pil - lar At our army's head ;



Who shall dream of shrinking, By Je- ho-vah led? Forward thro' the des-ert,



Thro' the toil and fight; Jordan flows be-fore us, Zion beams with light. *Amen.*



51 DUKE STREET L. M.

John Hatton.

1 Je-sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour-neys run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till moons shall wax and wane no more. *A-men.*

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown His head ;
 His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice ;

3 People and realms of every tongue
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;
 The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to our King,
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts.

2 Forward, when in childhood
 Buds the infant mind ;
 All through youth and manhood,
 Not a thought behind :
 Speed through realms of nature,
 Climb the steps of grace ;
 Faint not, till in glory
 Gleams our Father's Face.
 Forward, all the life-time,
 Climb from height to height :
 Till the head be hoary,
 Till the eve be light.

3 Forward, flock of Jesus,
 Salt of all the earth,
 Till each yearning purpose
 Spring to glorious birth :
 Sick, they ask for healing,
 Blind, they grope for day ;

Pour upon the nations
 Wisdom's loving ray.
 Forward, out of error,
 Leave behind the night ;
 Forward through the darkness,
 Forward into light !

4 Glories upon glories
 Hath our God prepared,
 By the souls that love Him
 One day to be shared ;
 Eye hath not beheld them,
 Ear hath never heard ;
 Nor of these hath uttered
 Thought or speech a word.
 Forward, marching eastward
 Where the heaven is bright,
 Till the veil be lifted,
 Till our faith be sight.

Dean Alford.

52 WEBB 7 6 7 6 D.

George J. Webb.

The morn - ing light is break - ing, The darkness dis - ap-pears;
 The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten-tial tears;
 Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far
 Of na-tions in com-mo - tion, Prepared for Zi- on's war. A-men.

2 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God we love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The Gospel call obey,
 And seek the Saviour's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
 Pursue thy onward way;
 Flow thou to every nation,
 Nor in thy richness stay:
 Stay not till all the lowly
 Triumphant reach their home;
 Stay not till all the holy
 Proclaim, "The Lord is come."
 Rev. Samuel F. Smith.

53 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

- 1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. George Duffield.

54 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;

For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

5 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove,
His Name shall stand for ever,—
That Name to us is Love.

James Montgomery.

55 WEBB or AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

- 1 "The whole wide world for Jesus,"
All creatures great and small,
Come ye, bow down before Him,
God shall be all in all.
Go, Christian men united,
Filled with compassion, sing
The earth's awakening chorus,
Peal forth: "Make Jesus King."
- 2 "The Gospel of the Kingdom"
Go teach, baptize, to-day
Let all creation listen
Before it pass away.

Those millions groping, longing
For peace, for pardon free,
Tell them the words of Jesus,
Ring out: "Come unto Me."

3 "This generation calleth,"
Shall Christians not obey
Commands of Jesus age-long?
His promise stands to-day:
All power to Me is given,
My banner rests unfurled,
Lo, I am with you alway
Evangelize the world.

Douglas M. Thornton.

56 AURELIA 7 6 7 6 D.

Samuel S. Wesley.

1 The Church's one Foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord ;
 She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word :
 From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly Bride ;
 With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-men.

2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
 Her charter of salvation
 One Lord, one faith, one birth ;
 One holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one holy food,
 And to one hope she presses,
 With every grace endued.

3 'Mid toil and tribulation,
 And tumult of her war,
 She waits the consummation
 Of peace forevermore ;

Till with the vision glorious
 Her longing eyes are blest,
 And the great Church victorious
 Shall be the Church at rest.

4 Yet she on earth hath union
 With God the Three in One,
 And mystic sweet communion
 With those whose rest is won :
 O happy ones and holy !
 Lord, give us grace that we,
 Like them the meek and lowly,
 On high may dwell with Thee.

Rev. Samuel J. Stone.

57 MUNICH 7 6 7 6 D.

Württenberg Gesangbuch.

1 O Word of God In - car - nate, O Wis-dom from on high,
 O Truth unchanged, un-chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
 We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hallowed page,
 A lan-tern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A-men.

- 2 The Church from her dear Master
 Received the gift Divine,
 And still that light she lifteth
 O'er all the earth to shine.
 It is the golden casket,
 Where gems of truth are stored ;
 It is the heaven-drawn picture
 Of Christ, the living Word.
 3 It floateth like a banner
 Before God's host unfurled ;
 It shineth like a beacon
 Above the darkling world.

It is the chart and compass
 That o'er life's surging sea,
 'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
 Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 4 O make Thy Church, dear Saviour,
 A lamp of purest gold,
 To bear before the nations
 Thy true light, as of old.
 O teach Thy wandering pilgrims
 By this their path to trace,
 Till, clouds and darkness ended,
 They see Thee face to face.
 Bishop William W. How.

58 MELITA 8 8 8 8 8 8

Rev. John B. Dykes.

1 E - ter-nal Father, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,

Who bidd'st the mighty o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep;

O hear us when we cry to Thee For those in per-il on the sea. *A-men.*

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive
 heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming
 deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult
 cease,

And gavest light and life and
 peace :

O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's
 hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
 And ever let there rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land
 and sea,

William Whiting.

59 SARUM 10 10 10 4

Sir Joseph Barnby.

1 For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by
 faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy Name, O Je - sus,
 be for ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A-men.

2 Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might ;
 Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light. Alleluia !

3 O may Thy soldiers' faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win with them the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia !

4 O blest communion, fellowship Divine !
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia !

4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia !
 Bishop William W. How.

60 MILES' LANE C. M.

William Shrubsole.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' Name ! Let an-gels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A-men.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

61 CORONATION C. M.

Oliver Holden.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus' Name ! Let an - gels pros-trate fall ;
 Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all ;
 Bring forth the royal di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. A-men.

2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

3 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

Rev. Edward Perronet.

62 GOD BE WITH YOU 9 8 8 9 with Refrain.

W. G. Tomer.

The musical score consists of four systems of music, each with two staves: treble and bass. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature for the first three systems is 9/8, indicated by a '9' over a '8'. The time signature for the fourth system is 8/8, indicated by a '8' over a '8'.

System 1: Treble staff has eighth-note chords. Bass staff has eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "1 God be with you till we meet a - gain," followed by a repeat sign.

System 2: Treble staff has eighth-note chords. Bass staff has eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "By His coun - sels guide, up - hold you," followed by a repeat sign.

System 3: Treble staff has eighth-note chords. Bass staff has eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you," followed by a repeat sign.

System 4: Treble staff has eighth-note chords. Bass staff has eighth-note chords. The lyrics are: "God be with you till we meet a - gain."

Till we meet . . . till we meet Till we
 meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we meet, . . . till we
 Till we meet, Till we meet, till we
 meet, God be with you till we meet a-gain. A-men.
 meet, till we meet

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still divide you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, etc.

63 INNOCENTS 7 7 7 7

Ascribed to Pergolesi.

1 Conquering kings their ti - tles take From the foes they
cap - tive make: Je - sus, by a no - bler deed,

From the thous - ands He hath freed. A - men.

2 Yes ; none other name is given
Unto mortals under heaven,
Which can make the dead arise,
And exalt them to the skies.

4 Rather gladly for that Name
Bear the cross, endure the
shame ;
Joyfully for Him to die,
Is not death, but victory.

3 That which Christ so hardly
wrought,
That which He so dearly bought,
That salvation, mortals, say,
Will ye madly cast away ?

5 Jesus, Who dost descend
To be called the sinner's Friend,
Hear us as to Thee we pray,
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Paris Breviary.

64 HE LEADETH ME

1 He leadeth me: oh blessed thought!
Oh words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN: He leadeth me, He leadeth me;
By His own hand He leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
Used by per. of Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

65 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN: I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now my Saviour,—
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.—**REF.**

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66 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged:
Take it to the Lord in prayer!

67 ROCK OF AGES

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

68 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.—**REF.**

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine;
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—**REF.**

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—**REF.**
Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly, and abide,
Or life is vain.—**REF.**

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—**REF.**

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.—**REF.**

Annie S. Hawks.

Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer!
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Joseph Scriven.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Augustus M. Toplady.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sir John Bowring.

69 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
More than all in Thee I find :
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed ;
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within ;
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart.
Rise to all eternity.

Rev. Charles Wesley.

70 MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST

1 More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee !
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee ;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest ;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best :
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain ;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise ;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee !

Elizabeth P. Prentiss.

71 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven :
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !
4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams.

72 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE

1 My Jesus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign ;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath ;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright ;
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

A. J. Gordon.

2 I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thornis on Thy brow ;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

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